Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madame he comforts you,
Can make you greater then the Queene of *Gothes*,
Lauinia you are not displeasd with this.
Lauinia. Not I my Lord, sith true Nobilitie,
Warrants these words in princely curtesie.
Satur. Thankes sweete *Lauinia*, Romans let vs goe,
Raunsomles heere we set our prisoners free,
Proclaime our honours Lords with trumpe and Drum.
Bassianus. Lord *Titus* by your leaue, this maid is mine.
Titus. How sir, are you in earnest then my Lord?
Bassia. I noble *Titus*, and resolu'd withall,
To doe my selfe this reason and this right.
Marcus. Suum cuiquam is our Romane iustice,
This Prince in iustice ceazeth but his owne.
Lucius. And that he will and shall, if *Lucius* liue.
Titus. Traytors auaunt, where is the Emperours gard?
Treason my Lord, *Lauinia* is surprisde,
Satur. Surprisde, by whome?
Bassia. By him that iustly may
Beare his betrothd, from all the world away.
Mutius. Brothers helpe to conuey her hence away,
And with my sword Ile keepe this doore safe.
Titus. Follow my Lord, and Ile soone bring her back.
Mutius. My Lord you passe not heere.
Titus. What villaine boy, barst me my way in Rome?
Mutius Helpe *Lucius* helpe. *He kills him.*
Lucius. My Lord you are vniust, and more then so,
In wrongfull quarrell you haue slaine your sonne.
Titus. Nor thou, nor he are any sonnes of mine,
My sonnes would neuer so dishonour me.
Traytor restore *Lauinia* to the Emperour.
Lucius. Dead if you will but not to be his wife,
That is anothers lawfull promist loue.

Enter

Enter aloft the Emperour wi
sonnes, and Aron
Emperour, No *Titus*, no, the
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of th
Ile trust by leisure him that moc
Thee neuer, nor thy trayterous h
Confederates all thus to dishon
Was none in Rome to make a sta
But *Saturnine*? Full well *Andr*
Agree these deeds, with that pr
That saidst I begd the Empire a
Titus. O monstrous, what re
Satur. But goe thy wayes, go
To him that flourisht for her wi
A valiant sonne in law thou sha
One, fit to bandy with thy lawl
To ruffle in the Common-weal
Titus. These words are razors
Satur And therefore lowely *T*
That like the stately *Thebe* mon
Dost ouershine the gallant'st Da
If thou be pleasd with this my so
Behold I choose thee *Tamora* for
And will create thee Empereſſe
Speake Queene of Gothes dost t
And heere I sweare by all the
Sith Priest and holy water are so
And tapers burne so bright, and
In readines for *Hymeneus* stand,
I will not resalute the streets of
Or clime my Pallace, til from fo
I lead espousde my Bride along
Tamora. And heere in sight o
If *Saturnine* aduance the Queen

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